

GENESIS  
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From Czechoslovakia, Cuba,  
China—United Nations  
espionage agents are making  
America the spying capital  
of the world.

## UNITED WE SPY

The man named "Igor" walked casually out of the United Nations Secretariat building in New York City. He looked ordinary, and he might have been just another business-office worker strolling to lunch that day in the bright sunshine. But Igor—a code name—was, in fact, not ordinary. He was under the close surveillance of a team of agents from the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and from the moment he left the UN grounds, walking west on Forty-second Street, his every moment was carefully watched and noted.

Anyone rifling through Igor's wallet would have found, among other papers, a UN identity card which marked him as a member of the UN Secretariat, the world organization's administrative body. They would have found another card identifying him as a member of the Soviet Mission to the United Nations. But they would not have found any document establishing the reason for the FBI's interest in him. Igor was actually a high-ranking "resident" (professional agent) of the Committee of State Security, the *Komitet Gosudarstvennoye Bezopasnosti*, the KGB, Russia's espionage service. Igor, as the FBI code-named him, was a spy.

The FBI was watching him carefully to see what his next move would be. A clandestine meeting? An attempt to pick up a message at a dead

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drop? A meeting with a contact?

Igor's FBI "shadows" lost themselves among the pedestrians on both sides of the street. In the event that the trailing agents were spotted, backup agents would move in. But Igor seemed to be taking few precautions, casually strolling up the street, not even seeming to check to see if he was being followed.

After a few minutes, Igor suddenly stopped and walked into an electronics store. He bought a few things—all carefully noted later by the FBI—then continued walking. In the next forty minutes, he made three more stops at similar stores. Then, carrying his wrapped packages, Igor went into a coffee shop and had a fast lunch. Shortly after, he returned to his office, again looking anything but suspicious.

The FBI added up the results of its shadowing of Igor. The KGB man had purchased a varied collection of American electronics gadgets:

1 miniature transistor radio, Japanese-made.

1 set of stereo headphones, low quality.

1 transistor radio in the shape of a golf ball.

1 transistor radio with a picture of Mickey Mouse on the front (the sound came out of Mickey's mouth).

12 miniature transistor batteries.

It quickly became obvious to the FBI that Igor was not on an intelligence mission that day. In fact, he was scheduled to return to his home country shortly. The purpose of his shopping expedition was to pick up these American electronic doodads as gifts for his friends in Moscow (despite its orbiting space stations and atomic missiles, Russia has not yet been able to develop transistor radios with a Mickey Mouse picture on the front).

Not a very exciting moment in the spy business, to be sure. But it could have been. As anybody in the business will tell you, a good deal of spy work actually is humdrum and boring (and sometimes downright silly). Nevertheless, a lot more that is not boring and humdrum in the world of spying takes place in Igor's general neighborhood than this little anecdote would suggest.

While the FBI was following Igor around, dozens of Igor's colleagues were engaged in more sinister missions—checking out double agents, planting a microphone here and there, stealing documents, tapping phones, compressing messages into microdots, and generally doing the things that spies do. And that's far from the end of it: There were also espionage agents from most, if not all, of the 152 countries represented at the UN carrying out their own assignments.

If you're getting the idea that there is

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